



VOL. 3
NO. 15

GLOBE

APRIL 24
1970

THE GEORGE BROWN COLLEGE OF APPLIED ARTS & TECHNOLOGY

There are some rumours going around that College Campus is up for sale for \$1.00. However, reliable sources told us that Humber, Centennial and Seneca have declined.

WINTER BY A LANDSLIDE



Nassau: A good turnout



College: Space to Let

STUDENTS HONOUR PRINCIPAL



A very good likeness

Who says that students at this College don't give a damn? We are happy to report that students indeed do care a lot. They have proven this recently, at Keele, where they presented Mr. Allen with a portrait of himself in appreciation of what he has done for them. It all started late last year when the student council decided they would like to do something to show their appreciation to Mr. Allen who had gone all out for the student council and the students.

It should be something personal and something Mr. Allen would like, the council decided. Out of this came the idea of the

portrait. So without him knowing about it the students commissioned an artist who could do a portrait from a photograph taken of Mr. Allen. With the generous financial help of every student and faculty at Keele, the presentation was made in the company of Mrs. Allen who had come down on the students request to witness one of George Browns great Principals being honoured by his students.

The students would like to add a special thanks to the artist, Cheryl McMullen, who did a splendid job in capturing her subject as he really is.

Andy Winter, a 24 year old Electronics student from Teraulay Campus, won a decisive majority on Friday April 17, and was elected President of S.A.C. for the coming year.

The large majority Mr. Winters received clearly shows that his five field platform consisting of:

1. A job placement service.
2. A public relations committee who would get across the community colleges.
3. A Housing Service for G.B.C. students.
4. A Day Care Center and
5. An emergency fund is clearly what the students want.

Lee McGuire, outgoing S.A.C. President stated that he was very pleased with the outcome of the elections. The students showed maturity and acted how an informed student body should have acted. McGuire feels that the special S.A.C. edition of the Globe was instrumental in informing the students on what was going on.

McGuire describes Winter as "a person who is competent, imaginative and aggressive enough to lead the organization. I am looking forward to great things from him and believe that with the organization and structure that is already here, he should be able to bring about the ideas on S.A.C. Day Care Centre and Housing, the onus is now on

the Campus Societies to come forth and give strong direction and policy to the new executive."

McGuire further adds, "I was happy with the turnout at our new campuses and Dartmouth and Nassau came through in their predictable apathetic expertise."

In the coming month Andy will undergo a crash familiarization program to give him the background to lead the largest Community College in Canada.

Winters 66% majority was not at all what he expected. Winter went on to say, "I expected a more closely contested race. I was very pleased and stunned by the results. The students have given me a clear mandate on my plans, although some of them are quite involved. I don't expect any major blockades because all have reasonable objectives and there is no reason for not accomplishing them."

When asked how his wife reacted to the election, Andy replied "She was thrilled. She had to go through hell during the past week and she will probably go through it for the coming year."

All in all, April 17, marked the close of seven very hectic weeks for all and all deserve bouquets of roses or bottles of booze for their drive and determination.

by BRIAN STUTZ

A REALLY BIG CANOE RACE or UP THE CREEK

April 11, 1970 — Dateline Conestoga College Kitchener Ont.

It is reliably reported that at least two of the two hundred and fifty contestants in Conestoga College's annual 25 mile canoe race down the Grand River were from George Brown. One boat (???) entered each class, or so it seems.

The classes being:
1) Modified (canoes)
2) Junk (well you know junk)

It is also reliably reported that one entry

finished on the day of the race and the other washed up on the finish line a day later. It is quite by accident that anyone from good old G.B.C. entered at all. The following is a somewhat accurate description of the event from liquid to liquid.

Whilst pondering the problems of poodles and puddles in the dingy damp of the Derby the Editor of the Globe was noted to belch — "Hark" — no one paid attention for he often harks — "Where will I dump my junk?" he continued.

Cont'd on page 3

When a student, who has put in several months of study, living on a minimal income, doing pages, and pages of homework, suddenly throws it all up and quits, there has got to be a reason.

This is happening often, and no one seems to understand why a student would do this.

Let us first assume that the reason an adult would go back to school in the first place, is to extend his education in the hope of improving his financial status. These adults, are encouraged by Manpower to take these courses, because the demand for skilled labour and office workers is increasing. When an adult with a family makes the first step in this direction, it is not without trepidation.

They will have many personal problems crop up, causing havoc with their school hours. When this happens it seems that some of the teachers at Teraulay Campus take this as their

cue to bear down and demoralize the student until he yells "Uncle" and throws in his towel.

Is this the purpose of George Brown College? To let students attend classes as long as they don't drag their personal problems to school? It would seem that some teachers, for example; Miss M. feels that when a student enrolls in this school, the rest of his world must stop.

A problem arises when a particular teacher has the students for more than one period, and carries her grudges from one class to another, even if a student does well in one class and not so well in another. For instance, Miss M.'s remarks are as such:

Miss M. "You are late!"

Student, "Since we have no breaks at this period, we have to travel from the 3rd floor to the 6th floor and" . . .



Keele: Always a full house

Miss M. "We can't afford to waste time waiting for you to arrive".

To a student who is stumbling with her shorthand, Miss M. might say, "Let's go on to the next one, you obviously don't know your shorthand."

Four days later: — Student "Miss M., I have dropped shorthand and I'm a nervous wreck".

Miss M. "But you were doing so well, now you will never get a good job."

Miss M. "You've missed time, are you going to bother writing the test?" The student ends up with 91% on the test!

Miss M. also ignores students by not marking their work while going around, except to some students. It is as if she is spiting the students whom she doesn't like.

Students don't want to be hoodlaid. They want to be treated as adults in the classroom and receive a little understanding from their teachers. It takes only a little effort on the part of a teacher, and it is, after all, part of her job in an adult training centre. The situation becomes worse as students drop different classes from their curriculum, not because of the work, but, because of clashes with teachers. How long will this go on?



They're off!

AN EDITORIAL

With the elections over I hope things all over the College will get back to normal again. It sure was a trying few weeks for all the candidates and I would like to thank them for putting on a good show. All indications point to an interesting year as Frank Broad and Ron Kalusik will be campaigning for the Vice-President position come September. Meanwhile lets put all our weight behind Andy Winter and help him run an effective student council. I know Andy will do a good job, but — he still needs your help. As Editor I would like to congratulate Andy and give him my assurance that if there is anything at all I or my staff can help him with we will be happy to do so. Good Luck Andy!

The second thing I would like to shoot off my mouth about is this so called "APATHY" in this college. I don't believe it exists. It has always been my belief that our problem is communications rather than apathy.

Students are not aware of what is going on because no one takes time out to tell them. Which brings me to what I really want to say. I need your help. We have some of the finest cameras available, complete, with a professional electronic flash unit and all the darkroom equipment you could possibly want. There is only one problem, namely: Two inches of dust resting on our equipment.

Now, you don't have to be a photographer in order to work for the Globe. We will teach you everything there is to know about this equipment. If you don't want to develop your own prints that's fine, you could still go out and cover the action for us. All you need is a little interest and time. The only thing you will get out of this would be perhaps some satisfaction of seeing your pictures in the Globe. So get with it, if the booze hasn't made your hands shaky we need you.

Other interesting work we can offer you is in the field of Journalism. How good do you think you would be as a reporter or copy writer or cartoonist or how would you like to write your own column every two weeks? Don't say I have never done anything like that before and can't do it. Come on out and try it, you may surprise yourself.

Go ahead, give us a call, we're only amateurs too.

AROUND ONTARIO

Centennial (Scarborough) — Remember Greg Robinson at Centennial? he's the Edmund Burke who got the Student Council riled up (see Vol. 3, No. 14 of the Globe) because he went and sent the USSR Embassy a nasty letter on official Council letterhead. Since the story broke in the Asylum, poor old Greg has had the Council on his back, the Black Power students started a riot, and the librarian mad at him. He finally packed the whole thing in. He quit the Students' Council and was relieved of his Edmund Burke Society membership. Just when things were getting interesting.

Conestoga (Kitchener) The Spoke, Conestoga's student newspaper (which George Brown has an extraordinary budget. "This college has a remarkable amount of money", says writer Doug Hebebrand. If Conestoga had 5,000 to 6,500 students to represent, they'd have a big budget too. In the meantime, we enjoyed spending a little of that budget on their Queen Pageant and Canoe Race this year. We've discovered that Conestoga discovered that George Brown wasn't (or couldn't be) all bad, we'd really have something.

Lambton (Sarnia) — With this "Spring" weather upon us, our fellow students at Lambton have run into a problem. The walk-ways between buildings on their campus have turned into a swamp. The paths have degenerated into a miniature Okefenokee Swampland. The student paper The Other Side is opting for a little pavement. We should invite Lambtonians to GBC, the concrete college. Anyone remember what mud looks like?

Algonquin (Ottawa) — Algonquin College scores another first. Their first annual Sport Parachuting Meet held in mid-March was a huge success. Students from Royal Military College, Queens University, Carleton and Kingston participated in this daredevil sport. Diving from a Cessna 206 and 172, participants filed the sky over Ottawa. Congratulations are in order for many Algonquin students for carrying away numerous laurels. No casualties were reported.

Mohawk (Hamilton) — It has been discovered that Mohawk College hosted a highly successful dance featuring a great new group. The 10-piece "Justin Bogsworth" produced a "Blood, Sweat and Tears" sound that had dancers clogging the floor. It has been suggested that this group will wear watching. They seem to be destined for great success.

FROM THE KEELE CAMPUS SUGGESTION BOX

KEELE STUDENT REVEALS FILTHY PHOTO IN GLOBE : and other startling revelations.

I have noticed that the Globe has printed an obscene picture in the last issue of the paper. After examining the picture under a magnifying glass I noticed that his balls were showing. If I do not receive an apology immediately, I will be forced to show this filthy picture to Mr. Allen.



Ed. Note The staff of the Globe didn't realize that Mr. Allen (Principal of Keele St.) enjoyed looking at obscene pictures, but by all means show him. If you're expecting an apology for printing this pornographic photo, forget it. The editors of the Globe are all perverts.

Could you please tell me who elected you President? It is my suggestion that our campus school would function with a decent President. I don't feel that you are good enough.

Ed. Note We don't know what you're getting at. Margaret Ryan (President Keele St.) is a decent girl. That we know. Why don't you take a taste to the Society office and talk to her. I'm sure that she'd love to see your smiling face and explain election procedures to you. If Marg isn't good enough for you, the Globe editors have a little black book we'll let you use.

Dear President
How old is Andy Winter?

Ed. Note A reliable spokesman close to the source reports that Andy Winter (SAC President-elect) is over 21 and under 100. Detailed information is not available. Maybe you could ask his wife?

I feel that the Vice President and Treasurer are doing a good job. But the President, and the Large member stink. We never hear from them, and I know that they are the only ones getting paid. So do some work, for Christ sake.

Ed. Note If the President and Large member (perhaps this refers to the genitals displayed in the above photograph) actually do stink, perhaps you're lucky if you the never see you. However, it has been reported that the President and Member at Large take a bath once a month and they don't get paid for it. The Large member has been heard to proclaim: "One shot and I'm good for the whole day", so he can't be all bad.

I was still wondering if you've got a guilty conscience about Larry Josie, after all you did kick him out.

Ed. Note We were under the impression that Larry Josie (past President Keele St.) wasn't kicked out — he fell out. Perhaps this happened after a night of serving beer at the Nickelodean over top of Friars. You can never really tell about these things.

I would appreciate (sic) more Student Council participation in Education.

Ed. Note We know how you feel. If Council members can't spell appreciate any better than you can, they're in deep trouble.

I have a strong complaint against our Sports Rep. He told me that I could not attend the floor hockey games because I was not a student at Nipissin. I know here, and I would like to know if this is True J.R.

Ed. Note Informed (or is it "reformed") sources report that the Student Athletic Association Executive have made in the corner for two hours instead of going to Public Relations Class. It has been verified, J.R., that you can play all the floor hockey you want. All you have to do is use the right pole ... or, stick.

Everytime I appear in your Student Council office all I see is a bunch of people sitting around drinking coffee, cokes and smoking. This atmosphere is very poor after all you just finished writing an article about how we are like little children are you.

Ed. Note A Globe reporter was dispatched immediately to investigate this reported pollution of air at Keele St. We found that the members of the Keele Council were busy trying to prove that they were not children so, they were smoking and drinking coke and coffee. With the lack of ventilation in the office, the atmosphere was indeed poor. The Globe reporter immediately turned the "bunch" of people into bananas. We suspect that you are really a pollution inspector disguised as a nut.

All I keep hearing is that your (Sic) going to get a student loan, but you just are not doing anything about it. As far as I'm concerned your (sic) a mouth and no God damn action. Why don't you get your ass (of) the chair and do something.

Ed. Note The members of the Keele St. Council were shocked that you used such terrible language and invoked the Dieti on them. We think that you're confusing them with the editors of the Globe, who all swear like professionals. Apart from all the cuss words, your letter makes little sense.

What is your main proposals for pensioners? My father is a pensioner, and he needs financial mental help. Can you assist him in any way? He is also an alcoholic. Thanks.

Ed. Note We don't think your father is the one in your family who needs mental help.

From: ACC M

Do I have the right to see Kees Financial Statements? I KNOW that you people spend money for

a taxi on April 15. Was this your money, or ours? Let's go easy on our budget. From what I hear, the Keele budget is around \$20,000.00 a year. I also know that you are being paid, don't tell us any different! This money should pay for taxis (sic), not our donations to the Funds.

Ed. Note. Upon hearing from ACC M the Globe staff promptly moved down to Keele St. to find out that \$20,000.00. Unfortunately

Cont'd on page 4

Happy Birthday!

So you're going back to school, you're 35, married, two teenage kids, and nice little house you bought 10 years ago in the suburbs, and through circumstances beyond your control, you've ended up back at school.

Right, automation and all sorts of reasons have left you without a job. You've got to get at least your grade 12 in order to get another job that lets you live the way you have been used to.

You have qualified for Manpower retraining. You have gone through the hassle of bureaucracy and you are now a student at George Brown College.

You have got a lot of guts going back to school at your age, and the endless councillors give you the rules of the game.

To many late's you're out. To many sick days and you're out. If your grades are not up to par, you're out. But you're a mature student and things like this don't bother you.

You want to get up in the world, learn a skill so you can bring your family up the way they should be. Your wife is a real gem, she understands and backs you up all the way.

She is going to cut down on all expenses to help you get by on the living allowance you're going to get from Manpower, so you don't have to sell that house you worked so hard for. After all the kids need a decent place to live.

This all doesn't sound so bad until you start going to classes. The majority of teachers think you're a has-been. They are so superior to you and they let you know it. You're sometimes feel like a complete asshole standing there letting them humiliate you and cut you down.

But you don't dare say anything because you want that grade twelve and you are afraid you'd get kicked out, should you open your mouth.

All this however, is part of the game. You're all in it, you've been through worse before. Of course all this is going to change your social life.

You're meeting new people, from teeny boppers to divorcees. They're all here for one reason or another. You talk to them in the hallways, cafeteria and you find that they are not so different from you. They have the same hangups you have about the teachers and the school in general.

You start going over to the Friars or the Brown Derby for a drink during lunch time or after school.

A lot of girls go too, and it's not too hard making friends.

After a few weeks you seem to get home later and later — usually half out, but your wife doesn't say anything. She trusts you and she knows. Let him enjoy himself, he's been a good provider.

The majority of girls that go with you to the Derby have had their problems. Most of them are divorced or at least separated. They want to go out and have a bit of fun. Why not, life is so short and all of a sudden they find that they can still have one hell of a good time while going to school.

One call to the baby-sitter and they're free for the evening. Who ever imagined that school could be so much fun.

You start getting involved with girls, after all you're a man and not yet over the hill. The girls want a little warmth and comfort too.

And besides that, your wife is never going to find out about it. Well one thing leads to another and before you know it you're in bed with one of them. You're great one for justifying what you're doing, besides, what your wife doesn't know won't hurt her.

You're picking up money from the new blonde that started school this morning looks awfully good. You're starting to, figure out how to approach her. By now, you're telling everyone you're separated, thinking at the back of your mind that things at home will get back to normal after you finish school.

It wasn't so hard to con that new girl into having a beer with you and later into bed. You're getting real good at it. How many is this now?

Oh, its not that bad yet. You've only gone to bed with four different girls in the last month. You even stay out all night these days telling the wife you've passed out at a friend's place.

Then you notice something strange. You are discharging. You can't figure out what it is.

You wait three or four days but the discharge doesn't seem to go away. Better go see your doctor you say to yourself.

Now comes the blow; what you've been told is confirmed. In a very professional way the doctor tells you, you have contracted gonorrhea.

How do you feel now? You don't even know where

Cont'd on page 4

Canoe Race

continued from p.1

Now the President of the A.A. (not to be confused with the A.A.) related the word junk to Conestoga College and the tale of the Grand River Regatta spewed forth. (To the J.C.'s of Kitchener, sorry about that). And it came to pass that the Editor of the Globe pressed a crew aboard his

junk and headed for the Rivier Grande.

Now the President of the A.A. being a sport, felt it was the duty of the College Athletics to enter the serious modified division (it became very serious when they ran out of booze about ¾ the way down the creek). Since no athletes were

present, the president of the A.A. peered across the table and said in a muttered tone; "Do you indulge?"

Later when the President of S.A.C. had finished studying the movements of Sam he replied; "Yes, I'll have a 50". Miscalculating, the President of the A.A. thought the President of S.A.C. meant that he could paddle 50 strokes per minute. Thy A.A. President was elated. The race was as good as won.

Have you ever tried to find Conestoga, Ontario? Don't. It is the starting point of the big race.

But for the Glory of Turner and the eternal salvation of their lives the hungover 10 from mighty G.B.C. stood tiring at the river's edge waiting for the shot that would start heads pounding.

The two Presidents reached their canoe in the LeMans start. Into the water they splashed and removed a competitor — sinking them.

Meanwhile the junk crew were planning strategy. "If we leave the beer for later and take the gin and grass, the load will not be as much and we are sure to come..." After the official starters had a drink they helped dump the junk in the creek and both entries were under way.

However, in the Presidential canoe, the chant of "stroke, stroke", became "drink, drink". With their usual foresight the Presidents had their water bottles from past campaigns securely strapped to their waists. The meandering of the river lends itself very well to construction of hotels... Hotels make little rapids very large.

And so the crew of the junk were awakened. One of the crew felt it was time to abandon ship (junk) and shoot the rapids on his nose. (The Presidents shot them like Radishes and Gooseberries of days-gone-by). Just what happened to the junk after this disaster is not quite known. It did, however, wash up on the finish line the next day.

But back to our heros. Dashing, splashing, portaging, onward, onward; the race; at all costs, win the race.

Dear reader, can you bear it? The President of S.A.C. and the President of the A.A. are pleased to announce that George Brown College finished first, Cont'd. on page seven



Let's go girls



Three down — one to go



Pit stop for more gas



A cool traveler

The Nickelodeon
TORONTO'S NEWEST
FUN ROOM

NOW IN FULL SWING ABOVE FRIARS
Nickelodeon 279 YONGE ST.

RIVERBOAT
134 Yorkville Ave. 920-3558
April 28 to May 3
Keith McKie
May 5 to May 10
David Rae

TOPS RESTAURANT
SPECIALS
—BAR & C'S BACK BLS.
—HOUSE RED CHICKEN
—REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI
—HOT CORNED BEEF ON RYE
—HOUSE BAKED PASTRIES
—TAKE OUT SERVICE
OPEN 34 HOURS
(except Sunday)
317 YONGE STREET
(at Dundas)

RUMMAGE SALE
On Saturday May 9, 1970 there will be a rummage sale sponsored by George Brown Student Council for George Brown College Students and Staff.
Everyone is invited to bring family and friends! The place is 174 Kendal Ave. The Student Administrative Council Lounge. Doors open at 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm.
Proceeds to go to the British Virgin Island Fund.
Note! If you have any old clothes, toys, etc., to donate to the sale, please bring them to 174 Kendal Ave. or phone Brenda at 920-5530 for free pick-up.

GLOBE
160 Kendal Ave.,
Toronto 178, Ontario
GLOBE STAFF
Editor: George Moehring
Assistant Editors: Brian Stutz
Tim Dineen
Sports Editor: Gary Hunt
Office Manager: Paula Anderson
Advertising Manager: John Kidd
The Globe is published every two weeks by the S.A.C. administration under the direction of the editor. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of S.A.C.

RENTALS
TYPEWRITERS
ADDING MACHINES
TV'S
STEREO TAPE RECORDERS
STEREO RECORD PLAYERS
698-2589
DANFORTH TYPEWRITER
2940 Danforth Ave.
FREE DELIVERY

Speak-Easy
NIGHTLY ENTERTAINMENT
WE DO OUR "THING" FRIDAYS 4:00 - 7:00 P.M.
COME AND JOIN US
Just climb the shiny steps at
529 Bloor St. W. (upstairs)
No Passport Needed
532-4292
LICENSED — PROOF OF AGE REQUIRED
HALF PRICE AFTERNOON TEA PARTIES
DAILY 12:00 - 7:00
ENJOY THE SOUNDS OF JAZZ, DIXIELAND & POP AND SING ALONG WITH DON STEELE AND THE
Speak-Easy
SING ALONG JAZZ BAND

EXPERIMENT IN ANOTHER WAY OF LIFE
THE COMMUNITY OF BAHU'LLAH
an evening of colour, light sound, coffee, & conversation.
NO CHARGE
ROCHDALE COLLEGE
BLOOR AND ST. GEORGE
APRIL 25, 26, 27, 28
7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

Student Housing at GB

Unlike most post-secondary educational institutes, the George Brown College must continue continuous and unique housing requirements.

The academic year concept must be forgone and the calendar year accepted as a term of operation. Because of the great number of applications and Manpower students, who are, in general, older than the usual "college student", their requirements differ. They tend to shy away from the rooming-boarding house atmosphere. Age is not the only factor affecting their requirements.

As is common knowledge, students have a difficult time when looking for an apartment (and who can really blame superintendents when they refuse to rent to students?) even if they're going to be around for 8 months. Consider the short-term student's problem.

At present, SAC maintains a "housing registry" to assist students who are looking for accommodation. The file consists of cards with information regarding individual accommodation in rooming-boarding houses. The data is compiled by advertising our need in three ways:

1. Newspaper advertisements run during the summer months to prepare our registry for the great influx of students in September.
2. Distribution of "Request & Information" cards to rooming houses that are in proximity to the campuses of the college. Landlords who will offer accommodation to

students fill out the card and mail it back to SAC (sample attached).

3. Word of mouth contributes more and more information as our service becomes known in the various neighbourhoods. It is becoming our observation that landlords are beginning to use SAC as their rental agency.

We receive many re-calls from satisfied home-owners who have rented rooms to students. Perhaps this is a great compliment to George Brown students, but there is another aspect to consider: price. We suspect that home-owners who cater to the student market inflate their prices. This is especially true when the real estate entrepreneur enters the picture.

The land speculator purchases a number of rooming houses in the city core, and then rents exclusively to students—at \$12 to \$15 a bed (two to a room), \$100 to \$120 a month is not a bad income from just one room, particularly when the house itself could not be described as luxurious by anyone's standards. The whole thing borders on exploitation. The unhappy reality, though, is that George Brown students are wide open to this accommodation exploitation.

Although George Brown doesn't have any students living in the street yet, a real need for student accommodation exists now. In five years, if nothing is done, the problem will be grotesque.

George Brown, unlike other community colleges,

has a high proportion of its students coming from outside Toronto—indeed a large number of students came from outside Canada. With SAC's present system, foreign students have little chance of securing living quarters until they actually come to the college. A student residence would alleviate this problem.

George Brown, while having these "problem" cases, must also consider the requirements of students who do not fall into the hard-to-place category. Even though the college's promotion campaign likes to proclaim that the city is the campus, the scholastic community that is the students require consideration. Students tend to enjoy the camaraderie of fellow students. Common interests form a bond of friendship. A student residence propagates this bond.

If a residence were to be planned in an area that could serve Casa Loma, Kensington and Simcoe, a major and potential problem will be averted. Primarily because you cannot rely on rooming houses in the Simcoe area. The neighbourhood is simply too dilapidated.

At present, a housing survey form is being circulated among the students at all campuses. The results of this information poll should guide our thinking in regards to future accommodation requirements. We would think that a day care centre would be an integral part of the facilities, along with accommodation provided for married couples.

Editor's Note

It's a sad tale if an editor ever runs out of fillers in order to put a paper together. And it's even sadder where he has to print notes left on his desk by his assistant editors. The following message was found on my desk the day it rained. In answer to this message all I can say cheer up Tim the sun is shining over Miami.

To George, Fearless leader and Editor, Without whose direction and Fortitude this paper would Be exactly as it is now.

From Tim Humble yet proud
Shy, yet extroverted
A pretty good guy

Dear George
Here, you shall find a song
Which I dedicate to you.

When the moon is hiding
'hind the clouds
And rain does pour from
time to time
Then, George, you know
the roof leaks
And fills the Globe with
brine.

This is an office
Not a damn fish aquarium,
A fish aquarium, aquarium,
Aquarium, aquarium,
aquarium.

Carpet soaking up the
water,
Papers soaking up the
carpet,
George, you pay attention,
listen
I just had myself a vision
Filled with troubles and
derision
The whole gang of us will
drown in this
Aquarium, aquarium,
Aquarium, aquarium

Let the roofers in
Come on, and let the
roofers in
To fix the roof (this part
sung over and over again
until the roofers fix the roof
or until the sun shines and
it's not needed)

suggestion box cont. from p.2

the figure proved to be pure myth. Meg Ryan admitted to taking a taxi with other members of the Keele council (horrors), but they assured the Globe that the people used Green Steps they had left over. Since you claim that your Council members are being paid, but warn us not to tell you any differently, we won't.

We Never Know

We never know another's pain;
We only feel our own.
We never know real loneliness
Until we're left alone.
Too oft, it seems, our real concern
Is just our selfish gain,
And so we often shut our eyes
To someone else's pain.

Quickies

There's many a girl who got married because she didn't like to spend her evenings alone... and then got a divorce for the same reason.

Marriage is an institution. Marriage is the result of love. Love is blind. Therefore marriage is an institution for the blind.

When a kid misbehaved in the old days to get attention, he really got it.

"Dad, I'm in love with a girl."
"Son, you couldn't have made a better choice."

War Plea

Here I stand looking as the war goes on
No one seems to know how the war began
I see loved ones weeping all along
For the millions who are dead and dying
As the war goes on.
Is there no answer to the question
How the war began?

What could be the reason why: we cannot
Solve our problems hand in hand.

The war, the war, and it's scars
O the walls of the war
Under the stars of the skies; they hide in
Ambush like pigs in a sty.

Waiting to shoot and kill one another
Weren't we taught to love our brother?

Another war wages within the soul
As we stand on battle fields cold
Thinking of those we never met

We kill and expect relatives to forget
We never had a chance to be friends
Before we became enemies.

How will their families understand
When each one thinks they did something
Grand, to exterminate the enemies.

How do others find satisfaction.
At the expense of some poor soul?

Their lease on life has been so short
They had no hope of a resort.

Their hearts grow lonely, weary and sad
They even lost the love they had

In their despair to harlots turn
Although within their hearts it hurts

To find themselves deceased in soul
Sick within and cannot be made whole
And in their bodies veneral reign

With no hope to be well again
Someone please hear my plea:

Don't let these poor soldiers die for me.
Now it's over and I stand to see the

Outcome of the band
Some are dead, lay cold in bed:

Some are maimed and terribly lame:
Some never hope, strength to regain

And some do not know who to blame.
If I could say one thing to you brother
"Rest In Peace", all of you together

For there I know you will love one another
There is nothing sadder than war for peace
And nothing gladder than wars that ceased.

However dear brother gone, I assure you
That the wars you've won.

For now your soul will never
Cease to rest in peace

Modesta Waldron

Treasurer Elect

The incoming executive officer in charge of financial affairs — JIM SIMPSON — has an assorted background in volatile professions.

Leaving school at the tender age of 17 and enlisting in the Canadian Army, he continued his schooling with the thought of eventually proceeding to university level. Little was it known that he would take eight years before school would again play an important part in his life.

After being discharged from the army in 1965, he attempted to involve himself in the banking profession, but this proved to be a futile goal since desk work was not in keeping with his drive and ambition. After trying various clerical and financial enterprises — including sales promotion — an attempt was made to find a nook in the chain of life, working for the Ontario Provincial Police. This proved to be a mistake, however, as it was quickly pointed out, the police force is not a place for great imagination and ideas.

At a total of three years was experienced working in various hospitals. He received instruction in pathology and anatomy with the thought in mind of going to medical school.

It was in the late fall of 1969 that the decision to return to college was made. At that time, an application through Manpower was made and an upgrading program began. This course finishes in May and after a summer recess, he will start a course as Child Care Worker in September, 1970.

His ambition is to continue in Child Care Work with the hopes of finishing at the administrative level.

happy birthday — cont. from p.2

Shit, you forgot all about your wife's birthday and she is very sentimental about things like this. Don't feel bad, you've got to tell her you got a dose and she has to see a doctor too, because you made love to her a couple of days ago.

So you see, you did bring your wife a birthday yelling "Happy Birthday Mummy".

FLOOD in Globe Office

You can't win them all department... After opening the door to the Globe office, and finding torrents of water rushing out at us, Globe staffers rushed around to investigate this disaster.

The office, at 160 Kendal Ave. on the Casa Loma Campus, was obtained from the administration who graciously let us use the facilities. Although the Globe appreciates the gesture, we weren't supplied with water-wings, and Sports Editor can't swim. It was discovered that the roof of this newly decorated office leaked. With the recent heavy rain, the water gushed in. Who wants a dry rug anyway?

After hasty contact was made with administration personnel, the Bursar's office promised prompt action. But now the rain has stopped, and we don't need the roof fixed. All Globe staffers have come to enjoy the open-air skylight. We'll get a custom made cork, and enjoy the best of both climates.

SAFETY ANYONE?

By September, 1970, statistics indicate at least 65,000 presently active human beings will be dead — in traffic accidents in the U.S. and Canada alone. Another 5 million will be injured. You could be any one of them.

Copyright Ambassador College, Pasadena, California, 1969, all rights reserved.

We are not trying to be sensational. But we do want to shock you. Shock you into thinking about your driving.

Some months ago a national magazine published the pictures of 250 or so men who had been killed in one week in Vietnam. It was sobering to gaze at those zestful, living faces — all now dead.

Suppose we published the pictures of the more than 1200 who statistically will have been killed in automobile accidents by this same time next week? We would need seven full issues of *The Globe* utilizing all 52 pages in each, just for the pictures! Included would be newlyweds, expectant mothers, parents, young children, teen-agers, college students, elderly, and whole families!

It would be as sobering as strolling through a morgue or viewing tombstones in a graveyard.

Anatomy of an Accident

Picture yourself, for the moment, in the following situation. You are doing the driving.

Bumper-to-bumper traffic, a 15-minute delay — and you and your wife were already 25 minutes late starting out. Your mind begins to whirl — what excuse will sound the best to your boss? He had said that this dinner was important — and he's always picky about punctuality. Now — a break in the traffic. You are soon barreling along at 55 miles per hour.

A fine rain begins to fall. Should you slow down? No — this is a good road, the speed limit is 50. Anyway, you're almost there. You wish your wife would be quiet. Who cares about her hair makeup looks . . . Your boss's face fills your mind. . . Uh, oh, where's your wallet? In the other suit. Your heartbeat quickens. You reach for your handkerchief to wipe your face just as your wife insists you slow down. You quickly respond by giving the accelerator an extra push — when suddenly an oncoming car skids out of control and swerves into your path. Instinctively, you turn sharply to the right, never seeing that solid, immovable tree.

You've had it! Collision! But it wasn't your fault, the other driver skidded, you turned to avoid him. Right? Dead right. And very dead.

What happened?

Take a look — in slow motion, full color and wide screen. Instantly upon impact, the front bumper and chrome of the grillwork collapse. Slivers of steel penetrate the tree. The hood rises, crumples and smashes into the windshield. Spinning rear wheels become airborne. The fenders are driven into the tree, forcing their auto's rear parts out over the front doors. *But it wasn't your fault, was it?*

You and your wife continue to move forward at the vehicle's original speed (developing 20 times the normal force of gravity, 3600 pounds for you, 2400 for your wife). Your legs ramrod straight and snap like toothpicks at the knee joints. Your body is lifted off the seat (no time for seat belts tonight), torso upright, broken knees crushed against the dashboard. Your grasp on the steering wheel has convulsed into a terrible death-grip. The plastic and steel frame of the steering wheel buckles under the pressure. Simultaneously, the tendons and ligaments in your hands and wrists are stretched beyond their limits. Your head is now near the sun visor, heading on a tragic trajectory. Your chest is just above the steering column, about to be impaled. But it wasn't your fault.

It has been only 4/10 of a second since the impact. Your car's front 24 inches have been demolished and the rear end is still travelling at about 35 miles per hour, pummeling and compressing the rest of your car into its already accordion-pleated front end. Your body, still conscious, continues hurtling forward at 55 miles per hour. The half-ton motor block — that screaming monster which used to gratify your ego — crunches into the tree and is then driven backwards, about to crash like a raw egg in a vise. But it really wasn't your fault.

Your feet-frozen hands bend the steering column into an almost vertical position. The law of inertia impales you on the steering wheel. Bones are shattered, not broken. Jagged

steel punctures lungs and intercostal arteries. Your lungs collapse. Your head shatters the windshield. The rear of your once shiny car begins its downward plunge, spinning wheels digging into the ground. But nobody will blame you.

The entire body of the car is twisted out of shape. Hinges tear, doors spring open. In one last convulsive crash, the seat rams forward and the massive engine bulldozes backward, cementing you against the cruelly cold steel of the steering shaft. Still, it wasn't your fault!

You are now dead. All this occurred in less than one second — 7/10 of a second, to be exact.

Your wife, that lovely little girl whom you had once continuously dreamed about has likewise been transformed unrecognizably. She had been sitting in the "death-seat", next to the driver. Almost immediately after impact she rocketed through the windshield as if shot from a cannon (seat belt lying idle — it would have wrinkled her dress). She is dead.

The police arrive. But it is hours before they can identify the car (which had subsequently burned). The bodies were beyond recognition. Though forewarned, one of the policemen, fresh from the academy, fainted. Decapitated, dismembered, burned bodies were too much for him. He'll have to get used to it. He's going to soon see hundreds more.

Your children had been allowed to "wait up" for Mommy and Daddy. They loved to do that. But this would become a long, horrible night for them — one which would be indelibly branded on their innocent memories. Who would tell them? And how? What will they think? One thing is sure. Your children will never be the same again. They will soon learn what life without parents is all about. They will have to grow up fending for themselves, personalities being progressively hardened by a cruel, parentless world. Your darling children are now orphans. Oh, yes, we almost forgot — it wasn't *your* fault!

What Was Your Reaction?

The human mind is funny. It "habituates" or "gets used to" things very quickly. The commonplace, no matter how tragic or traumatic, grows unimportant and unnoticed. A tornado killing 17 is front page news. But the average American Saturday, a "normal" 24-hour period, witnesses 230 dead on the highways — and no bulletins. The average week sees over 1000 take their final ride — and no headlines. "What else is new?" you ask.

Then consider!

In 1968, 55,300 thinking human beings died in U.S. auto accidents.

Don't just read "fifty-five thousand three hundred." Think of that one accident and see it repeated tens of thousands of times. Visualize the exploding mushroom of permanent personal tragedy.

DEAD: 3,800 children, 0-9, torn apart as cute tots, barely having lived and laughed.

DEAD: 9,800 youngsters, 10-19, cut off having just tasted the fruits of life.

DEAD: 16,500 young adults, 20-34, killed in the prime of life, leaving behind bereaved mates and orphaned children.

DEAD: 12,600 adults, 35-54, cut short at the height of their power, shattering families and organizations.

DEAD: 9,300 mature adults, 55-74, cut off at the pinnacle of their wisdom, depriving others of their experience, counsel and love.

DEAD: 3,200 elderly adults, 75 and up, careers ended when they should have been reaping the blessings of a full life.

It may seem incredible, but the number of Americans killed by automobiles (1,700,000) from 1900 to 1969 is more than the total number of Americans killed in every war from 1750 to 1969 — 1,115,000 — including the American Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War, Mexican War, Spanish-American War, World War I, World War II, Korea and Vietnam! A staggering one million, seven hundred thousand wasted lives sacrificed to the chrome-plated "highway god" in less than 70 years. By 1972 the number will have skyrocketed to an incredible 2,000,000! That should bother you, but it probably doesn't — and that's the problem.

Others are just thought to be a bit luckier — they're "just" injured (although to gaze at the pained expression of burned faces and crushed bodies, one wonders who really is better off).

The pathetic fact is that more than 4,400,000 Americans are injured in automobile accidents every year (2,000,000 of whom are seriously disabled). That's about 10,000 per day, 450 per hour — almost 8 every minute!

Are Accidents "Accidents"?

The word "accident" is a convenient excuse. It absolves us from any responsibility — an "accident" happens all by itself! Sorry, that just isn't true.

Every "accident" has a cause. Laws have been broken. Penalties must be paid. The motorist is at fault or the car is defective — plain and simple. The overwhelming majority of all accidents (over 98%) could have been prevented by safe defensive driving or proper automobile maintenance.

Most of us violate the traffic laws every day. Police officers say that for ever citation given, 3,000 violations have been committed. We always complain about that one traffic ticket, but we are strangely silent about the 3,000 times we escaped.

Many people believe that traffic rules were made to be broken, that they were devised to inhibit "creative driving," to suppress "driving freedom," and to give the police a job catching violators. This kind of reasoning is characteristic of human nature.

Traffic regulations were designed by experts — men familiar with local conditions, men dedicated to preserving your life. The local policeman and highway patrolman put their own lives on the line by continuously traveling the roads — to serve no matter what the weather. Quite often they institute specific rules after witnessing a few deadly crashes at a particular spot.

So if you go ahead and break all the rules you want, you may not immediately get caught — but you're headed for a rectangular wooden box under six feet of freshly dug dirt.

Let's talk about speed limits. Are they made specifically for women — but well below the safe minimum for a "man" to drive? Are they there to make you late for Aunt Myrtle's family supper? Or, on the contrary, to prevent you from getting a fast ride in an ambulance — and a slow one in a hearse? Over 40% of all highway deaths are directly attributed to driving too fast for road conditions.

Compacency and Inattention

The predominant cause of automobile carnage is complacency. People hear frequent news reports of highway butchery. They are bombarded with safety pleas. Yet the toll soars. The problem is basic — familiarity breeds contempt.

Cars have been around a long time. There are multiple tens of millions of them gobbling up fresh air and belching out noxious fumes. And they kill people. Many people. Nice people.

Cars are as much a part of modern society as food, clothing and shelter. This familiarity has immunized us against treating the automobile as we would treat a deadly weapon. Cars should be handled like a loaded machine gun with a hair trigger.

Watch complacency at work in your own mind. You'd probably be careful before walking across railroad tracks. But you'd seldom think twice about walking across a thoroughfare. That's human nature. Ridiculous. Three trains an hour may pass on the tracks — and all three usually stay on the tracks. But 3,000 cars will whiz by an average road in the same period of time — and many can be expected to weave, swerve, skid or veer at any moment. But we're "cool." We don't worry about cars. And they continue to kill people. Many people. Nice people.

Complacency spawns inattention. And inattention is the greatest single cause of collisions. People don't concentrate on their driving. It's too much like work. Their minds are somewhere else: their eyes wander to the roadside; their hands fuss with the radio. They become careless. Carelessness follows inattention as surely as inattention follows complacency. A mistake is made, it's not seen in time, and, if you don't know the results by now, we've all been wasting our time.

Driving time is too often considered "free time." You suppose you can subconsciously floor the accelerator and steer the wheel. So why "waste time" driving. Your mind can be set free. Free to unwind after work, free to hash over your latest marital spat and rehash your perennial in-law problem, free to meditate about your future, free to daydream, free . . . free . . . free . . .

And that's the trouble. You are *not* free. Driving is a FULL-TIME job.

Are you pleasantly nodding your head in agreement — and are you just as pleasantly planning to drive exactly as you always have? If so — better buy a cemetery plot — family size.

A Week In The Life Of A D.R.O.

Have you ever had the feeling that you have more work than you can handle? I have. For some asinine reason someone, who needs something done, usually turns to me for help. That's right, big-hearted me, who would help a buddy out as long as it didn't cost me anything more than my time.

The revered Office Manager of the Kendal Cloisters, Mr. Ron Lesley by name, was the latest in string of favor seekers. During the election it was his duty as Chief Returning Officer to hand-pick Deputy Returning Officers for each campus. Everything went along fine until late Monday night, April 13, when he was notified that the D.R.O. for Casa Loma had to drop out due to exams on the day of the election. Merciful heavens! Now, he had to find someone to finish the job. Tuesday night he buttonholed me.

"Sure, fine," I said innocently, "What do I have to do?" "Well, there's a meeting on your campus at 8:30 in the morning," he started, and went on and on.

Although I had taken to get a microphone for the candidates for their Wednesday morning speeches, they had to use the power of their own voices. And even though I had put up signs the night before, only about fifty people heard the three gentlemen.

After they had spoken, Ron Lesley introduced me to the audience as their D.R.O. and told them I would at that point tell them where and how to vote. I immediately rose and told the audience, that due to my just learning of my position as D.R.O. I would not at that time tell them where, when, and how to vote. I did however call for volunteers to assist me in my duties and I got one in the person of Gilles Chenier. Later, I got another offer of help from my classmate, Verne Rogers so, fortified with my little army, I made plans to conquer the hordes of voters who would be casting their ballots on Friday.

Thursday night I scrounged two large boxes from a nearby store, and, in the Globe office I cut, bent and taped them into four voting booths. I charged to the cafeterias and, using unheard of strength shifted tables and chairs into position.

Dawned the day of the election, I worked my two hours in shop and then went up to survey the battle grounds. My assistants and I were in the Dartnell cafeteria. There, too, were two lovely scrutineers that one of the candidates sent over to make sure everything was above board - I sent Gilles and Verne over to Kendal to handle the fight from that front. Blondie went with them. I stayed with Dolly and due to close friendship with the able-bodied staff of the cafeteria, Dolly and I were supplied with food and drink to overcome our fatigue.

Fatigue? Hell! Boredom is the word! Out of all the students in all three buildings on this campus only eighty-eight voted. Thank God. I hadn't been working on the campaign for a month, I would really have been let down.

At one o'clock we went over to the Kendal Cloisters to start the count. Mr. Ron Lesley solemnly opened the first box and started calling out the names of the candidate on the ballot. From that point all the D.R.O.'s and the scrutineers appointed by the candidates went snow-blind with so much Winter.

But all was not really in vain. After we finished there was a party (Verne and Gilles I wish you had stayed) with a lot of liquid refreshment that went too quickly. And girls, girls! there must have been a dozen - and I had the prettiest - although Mr. Winters might argue, that point with me because he had his wife there.

So, in case anyone needs help, and that help will take nothing but my time, you know where to look, and to the guy who gave up the job I had taken over, Thanks pal, you're a real buddy.

Tim Dineen

A FALLOPIAN TUBE IS NOT A SUBWAY TO ROME.

Trip To Standard Modern

Wednesday, April 15, Machine Shops 28 and 29 from Casa Loma Campus had a chance to visit the works at Standard Modern Tool Co. Ltd. to see the place where the lathes they worked on were made. After being split up into three separate groups, they toured the factory seeing in "real life" what was shown to them before in a movie. But there were more things on display than they had bargained for.

Up to this time, we had only heard of Numerical Control Machines. Here, before their very eyes, N.C. Machines were doing the work, controlled by computer tape. They noticed a machinist, who had just finished his lunch, push a button and then seem to disregard, as it went through various operations. Drilling, reaming, changing the drills, everything the machine did was on the tape.

In another section of the factory, a worker was trimming a gear blank on what one of our fellows described as the "Biggest damn lathe I ever saw." In truth, it was the biggest lathe they had ever seen - measuring about thirty feet along the ways. The gear blank itself was about six feet in diameter.

In still another section of the factory, a machinist was relaxing, while his machine traced a casting of the underside of a hood to a 1971 Chevrolet. The group had, of course used a tracer lathe; but this was a tracer milling machine and its height and the ease with which it handled its jobs left them in awe.

However, they did come to see lathes being assembled and in some cases they could trace the steps from what seemed to be rusting, discarding parts through the milling, shaping and grinding to the assembling and packing of a complete machine.

The thanks of Machine Shops 28 and 29 go out to the instructors for a highly educational and quite refreshing tour.

IN RESPONSE PARTLY TO MR. DURNO

I have read the numerous articles, week after week, proclaiming students' apathy regarding social events, lack of sympathy with reference to various charity ventures and disinterest with regard to the internal student politics.

Of you I say "balls." Dehumanizing it may seem to all our potential social directors and republican electives, the majority of people in this school are trying to obtain an education. If the social events seem to be lacking in support would this not be an indication that some of us have a social life and do not need one manufactured for us. If we fail to respond to good Pavlovian trains should to the hoops of "good ole school camaraderie, to not feel sorry for those not attending, rather direct your sympathy to the poor misguided souls who fill their chores trying to organize these happy wholesome events. On charity if it is such a major, remember many of us are maintaining families and most of us are living away from home. Why not put into a student vote the idea to donate the S.A.C. President's remuneration to the Virgin Island Campaign? I believe that, voted on democratically (representing one vote per interested student) the money would immediately be accepted.

As for politics, sir, I do not feel I or most of the people here really care about C.A.A.T.S.O., S.A.C., S.A.A., or any of the other ridiculous manifestations of our little political elite. In the three rather blasé idealistic (but grammatically correct) little speeches, there was the same line of shit that we receive from any person attempting to put himself into a position of control. Do any of these three prime candidates really care about being president? Though they indicate that it is desirable for them because they only wish to work their asses off organizing many events and issues for the rest of us to ignore, possibly the pride of being a student president, or receiving a small monetary reward, or of having a private little office with a name on the door, just might sneak into the picture. I am sure that when interest in a social circle or position of employment, the statement "former student association president", will carry much considerable impetus for the ego.

However, being an ordinary student I choose along with most of the other patrons of this establishment, to ignore the crass idealistic horse manure expounded by these would be Trudeau's.

BP/JG13

A FATHER WRITES TO HIS DAUGHTER. 'DRUGS WILL ULTIMATELY LEAD YOU TO HELL'

Dear Susan,

Since you have probably noticed that the Old Man has some talent for writing and is more articulate at the typewriter than anywhere else, I thought I should sit down and spell out some simple truths. Most of them you know, but I don't think it will do any harm to put things in black and white.

First of all, any adult who preaches about the "moral" aspects of drug-taking is out of his tree, and I don't propose to do so. But any child who experiments with things that cause irreparable harm to the body, mind and nervous system - not to mention such possible sequels as death or insanity or both - is stark, staring mad.

I suspect the time will come when marijuana will be legalized, though I also suspect that by the time it is some of the novelty may have worn off and fewer young people will be using it.

I'll admit that I can't get too excited about kids experimenting with pot except - and it's one hell of a big "except" - kids, however much they think they are thinking, are unable to distinguish marijuana from the more dangerous drugs. It's all just an elevator, they say, and I can get off at any floor. No way, they say, that I'll be blown through the roof of the building and into some hallucinogenic ether. Nuts to that.

There's been a lot of glib talk about what a profoundly different generation this is. In many ways God knows, it has been. But some of the verities remain the same. One is that rebellion is as normal to a teenager as breathing, and every bit as essential. Show me a kid who doesn't rebel and I'll show you a kid without a pulse.

Another truism is that teenagers are sheep. In the name of their individualism, their need to do their own thing, they pack themselves like snowballs, roll out to find their place in the sun and get melted out there because they haven't had the experience to avoid it.

Speed Kills

But let's get off the fancy language and down to cases. The use of drugs does not escalate in well-defined, predictable stages. This has been proven over and over and over again. The headrush, unless he has an uncommon amount of fortitude which you do not - inevitably takes (assuming he is still alive or hasn't gouged his eyes out) that speed is the next logical step. Haven't you noticed that even the farthest-out underground papers have finally got it through their hairy skulls that speed kills, and are so telling anybody who will listen?

You may know all this in theory, but what good is that? You know what with every part of all the various components that make you a human being that drugs - and the leap from pot to acid is a yawning abyss from which there is no turning back - that drugs lead ultimately to hell.

I mean that - a hell on earth which is if anything even more grim and ghastly for a woman. A woman who has to have a fix of acid or heroin or any of the addictive drugs will literally do anything for it - like sleeping with endless series of disgusting old men who can get sex no other way than by buying it. I've been around this city quite a bit, and some of the hideous wrecks I have seen of what once were attractive women - well you wouldn't believe. And there are strong indications that women on LSD may bear deformed babies.

So much for the physical aspects. Let's talk a minute about the sheer brain-numbing stupidity of always blindly following somebody else's lead, of trying to rationalize dumb acts with "I was curious."

I have always thought that the great single sin any person can commit is to abuse his mind. It's a sin against the common humanity that unites us all and separates us from the orang-utans and it's a sin against the highly unique conglomerate of cells that is an individual human being. To feed the mind with things it has no control over is a sin.

Artificial Visions

And that is the heart of the case. It is not the taking of a drug that is the issue. The issue is the taking of anything that voluntarily surrenders the mind to artificial visions. For it also follows that the more artificial visions one has, the less one is able to discern what reality is. And that way lies, among other things, schizophrenia.

I think you can make an analogy here. Many people drink, but there are obviously some who should never touch a drop because they drink until they become slobbering messes. I don't doubt that there are some people who can cope with pot without surrendering their self-will, but you are not one of them.

So smarten up. I've thought for years that you had the best intellect in the family which God knows, is not flattery but simply a statement of depressing fact - depressing because it is so often the most irretrievably stupid things. The dumber ones lack the imagination, I suppose.

Get It Straight

If you want me to make my point in a coldblooded but nevertheless loving way, I have an investment to protect - an investment of my own chromosomes in a daughter who will grow up, marry, and pass on some more of the family genes. It's an investment I'll protect with any weapons I have to use. You're going to grow up with a mind unfettered by the drug demons gnawing away at the outer fringes, no matter what has to be done. Get that and get it straight.

But threats are never as good as an appeal to reason, which is what this letter basically is. There's a great world out there, Susan - one that is far more exciting, far more mind-blowing, far more stimulating than you can possibly imagine at the age of 13. This is not throwing age around as some kind of badge of honor. I hope that I, like Bertrand Russell, will think that each year up to '97 will make me wiser than the year before; and I intend to see that you don't screw up your chances.

It's your move and your life. It always will be. I interfere only when you're in danger of throwing away the most valuable possession of all - the power to choose, to discriminate, in short to be a human being who refuses to flit, however innocently, with degradation, damnation and death.

Your Dad

ARE YOU A GEORGIE BROWN ACTIVIST? RECREATIONAL SPORTS REIGN IN APRIL MONDAY 27,

TECHNICIAN BASKETBALL LEAGUE
REGISTER IN THE GYM OFFICE BY APRIL 27
FLOOR HOCKEY 3:00 — 5:00 NASSAU STREET GYM
BADMINTON 5:00 — 7:00 NASSAU GYM
KARATE 7:00 — 9:00 NASSAU GYM

TUESDAY 28

FLOOR HOCKEY 3:00 — 5:00 NASSAU GYM
TABLE TENNIS 3:00 — 10:00 NASSAU GYM
ARCHERY LESSONS 7:00 — 9:00 NASSAU GYM
BASEBALL LEAGUE — SIGN UP IN THE GYM OFFICE
BY APRIL 28

WEDNESDAY 29

GOLF LESSONS 7:00 — 9:00 AT NASSAU GYM
TECHNICIANS PING PONG APRIL 29, NASSAU GYM

THURSDAY 30

SCUBA DIVING LESSONS 7:00 — 9:00 RYERSON POOL
BOWLING LESSONS 6:00 — 8:00 OLYMPIA BOWLING ALLEY
28 EDWARD STREET — 2 GAMES FREE

FRIDAY 24

OPEN GYM 3:00 — 6:00

INFORMATION ON SPORTS
CALL 362-3971 EXT. 173



WELDING SWEEPS FLOOR HOCKEY

Apprentice Floor Hockey
Champs
Front row L-R Paul Gazo,
John Bernier, Armando
Luciani and Marshall
Theakston. Back row L-R
Vince Drake, Len Guerra,
Paul Munn, Brian Keith,
Ken Boivin, Sammu
Chum, Glenn Carey, Bill
Merkley, John Bradley,
Mr. McLennan.

THE BENCH WARMER REPORTS ON ANOTHER BRAND OF HOCKEY

Thursday, April 16, was the day of the final knock down drag-em-out fight for the floor hockey championship for George Brown College. This intermural sport which pitted class teams against one another came to a fitting climax when the two best combatants showed their skill to the onlookers. Carpentry 3 was fighting for the title against Welding Fab and there was, due to a twist of fate, a Globe reporter on hand to capture the action.

At three o'clock the game got underway with the welders wearing shirts and the carpenters in their topless uniforms. From the start it was a hard-hitting battle which showed body-checking at its roughest. (Ice-hockey Huskies, take note) and passing that could put the

Leafs to shame. This reporter was standing in the doorway of the gym when he was almost trampled to death by players who were chasing and checking a carpenter who had the puck.

For a while there was no scoring, but then the welders got on the board soon to be followed by the carpenters. It turned into a "one for you and one for me" game until carpentry went ahead halfway through the second period. Then it became the welders turn to get the equalizer.

With less than a minute to go, the carpenters almost won the game with a shot that, from where I was sitting, seemed to go in; however, Coach Drake, who officiated at the game, called it back due to an infraction of the rules. The

game stayed tied until the end of regulation time.

From the time of the start of the overtime (sudden-death) period, the welders looked as though they were in trouble. Most of the play was down in their end, but the brilliant saves by their goal tender and the courageous rushes made by them against even stiffer bodychecks made way for the winning shot on goal. A rapid push down the right gave one welder a chance to shoot the puck against the almost unprotected carpenter goal keeper.

The shot was low and fast and I doubt if the goalie even saw it coming. And with the shouts and cheers of welders fans in his ears the carpenter goal tender kicked his foot and tossed away his stick in disgust. No doubt, he felt he let his

Room for Gymnastic Equipment	Room for Weight Lifting	Judo Room
Sauna	Office Space	Storage
PLAN A 1 able to accommodate 200 students each night 2 will have a POOL in the same building 3 will increase student interest in G.B.C. activities 4 will provide recreation for out of town students on manpower training courses 5 will attract students to G.B.C.		
Gymnasium Change Room Office Space Storage		
Student Lounge — a place for students to sit and think — an area for Table Tennis — an area for student meetings		
PLAN B — A Gymnasium — able to accommodate 40 students each night — does not allow for future expansion of the athletic facilities — makes it necessary to spend money to rent space for student recreational facilities		
The Athletic Department wants Plan A — to be fitted into the 1972 G.B.C. Expansion Plan. The establishment is going to put Plan B into effect unless you the student support Plan A — by signing the petition that will soon be going around. Support your athletic office in its fight for your George Brown Athletic future.		
PHONE 362-3971 EXT. 173 FOR INFORMATION TODAY!		

MCGANN TO LEAD S.A.A.

Vic McGann, a native of Montreal, was recently named President of the Student Athletic Association at George Brown.

Mr. McGann, who served in the R.C.A.F. as an assistant physical training instructor, plans to make George Brown better known through athletics by strengthening the teams with better quality players. McGann also suggested the establishment

scholarships to get better quality teams. McGann plans to work closely with Vince Drake the Athletic Director and feels that, with Mr. Drake handling the administration and Vic working with students, the Athletic Dept. will become an integral facet of student life at George Brown.

McGann states that if a way is found to involve the students in athletics, it will lead to all round

participation in other activities at the college.

The Globe feels that with the proper guidance, enthusiasm and leadership, the Athletic Department can go on to even greater heights than ever before — but before we can do this, the student must show an interest in the affairs of the school and in those affairs of the athletic department.

Any comments from interested students?



Dancing '69 at the Social Dance & Etiquette Club.

The Last S.A.A. Meeting Tuesday May 5th Meet At 4.00 Nassau Gym Office

team down by missing the puck but he had brought them that far and should be thanked for that.

After the game, Nassau's principal, Mr. MacLennan handed out trophies to the champions and was good enough to pose for a picture with the team.

The Globe congratulates the winners and gives a "nice try" pat-on-the-back to the losers and thanks for a great game to watch.